

COME TO  
T. J. Beggs & Co.  
For  
Bargains! Bargains!

**SHOES**  
of every style for everybody  
—AT—  
ANY PRICE.

**CLOTHING**  
for men,  
Clothing for Youths,  
Clothing for Boys.  
AT BOTTOM PRICES.

**JACKETS**  
Capes,  
Separate Skirts,  
Ladies' Suits,  
Muslin Underwear,  
—AND—  
UNDERSKIRTS.

**THE BEST**  
Assortment of  
LADIES' DRESS GOODS in  
this section of the State.  
Call and Examine them.

# Come to the Carnival and see the Sights.

COME TO  
T. J. Beggs & Co.  
For  
Bargains! Bargains!

**Never Before in the History of our Business**  
**Have we had such a Complete Line of Goods.**

Checks, per yard,	4 cents
Ten Balls Thread for	5 cents
Sox, per pair,	5 cents
Undershirts, each	15 cents
Tobacco, per pound	25 cents
One Dollar Pants for	75 cents

Bring your baskets, carts and wagons if you  
want to get the fruit for we are gwine to shake  
the tree.

## T. J. BEGGS & CO.

**HATS**  
For Gents,  
Hats for Ladies,  
Hats for Children, at  
ANY PRICE DESIRED.

**FURNITURE**  
MATTINGS,  
RUGS,  
CARPETS,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
Etc., Etc.

**OUR BLANKETS**  
And Comforts  
will keep Jack Frost off your  
whiskers.

**UNDERWEAR**  
For Gents,  
Ladies,  
Misses and Children  
AT POPULAR PRICES.

### THE LOST FINGER

Story of Pioneer Life In  
Central America.

Branch of Senor Diaz was on a  
sloping slope, overlooking the broad  
waters of one of the tribu-  
taries of the Parana, on whose opposite  
the rank grass grew ten and  
fifty feet high.  
The house itself had a tropical char-  
acter. It was Spanish-American, with  
a shady veranda, a long, low  
painted walls and latticed win-  
dows, a spacious court and a flat roof,  
with a parapet, which gave  
the appearance of  
Many acres of cultivated land  
and long lines of sugar cane and  
bananas, in sur-  
rounding the dark, impen-  
etrable mass of wild bushland which in-  
stantly surrounded the settlement.  
Senor Diaz was one of the tropical  
types of whom Murillo dreamed.  
"I am going to test your gallantry,"  
he said, coming out on the veranda  
and, "by asking you to help me  
to get my dowers, for with my lame  
leg it is not easy for me to lift the  
watering pot."  
At your service, but allow me  
to remind you that you  
are to tell me the story of how  
and was named."  
As soon as the flowers  
were over we will have coffee on the  
veranda, and you will hear all about  
it."  
I was shortly afterward  
sitting with the little Lolita,  
his only daughter and my pet,  
and, while her mother rolled a  
cigar, she lighted it and began as fol-  
lows:  
"We came here this was a very  
fine place, and we had to endure a  
lot of pests. For instance, when  
I was a baby, my husband and  
I went off one morning to work  
in the field, and the child lay asleep on  
the end of the room. Sudden-  
ly on the floor the skin of a  
monkey from which the whole body  
was sucked, as from an orange.  
At once that a snake must be  
there, for they feed on mice and eat  
this flesh. I carefully  
looked about me. I could see no  
thing at all at once. It occurred to  
me that it might be under the baby's  
blanket. Then I lifted  
it up in safety. The thought rushed  
through my mind, "Oh, heaven, the  
jaguar!"

reptile coiled up and fast asleep. Ah,  
how I jumped! I ran out into the  
courtyard to call for help. Luckily  
our man, Jose, was there, and he kil-  
led the reptile. But as we cleared  
more acres the snakes left us to hide  
themselves in the forest. I began to  
hope our cares were ended, but they  
were only just begun. Wild beasts  
now first appeared on the scene.  
One morning while we were at  
breakfast one of our herdsmen brought  
the news that our cattle, which graze  
in the tall grass on the other side of  
the river, had been attacked by a  
jaguar that had killed one of the bulls.  
The man who told us this had escaped  
with his life, yet he would have scarce-  
ly done so if he had not missed the  
beast or had there not been a fat ox  
there.  
A week passed without a new alarm,  
and we had come to think less about  
it, when suddenly three or four Indians  
rushed in to tell us how a great jaguar  
had broken into their camp and killed  
a woman and one of their dogs.  
When my husband heard the story,  
he judged that it was the same animal  
that had attacked our bull, for the  
Indians described it as a creature of  
singular color, far lighter than any  
they had seen about there, so that they  
named it "The White Death."  
We all thought it high time to do  
something, and my husband called his  
people together to go out and hunt the  
animal.  
I remember that morning distinctly.  
They went away cheerfully enough,  
each man with his gun and hunting  
knife, and Moro, our bloodhound, was  
with them. My husband turned around  
just as he entered the wood and kissed  
his hand to me. Then he and his com-  
panions vanished in the forest.  
When I found myself with Lolita  
alone in the house and thought of what  
might happen if they met that terrible  
wild animal, such anxiety seized me  
(although I never thought I could be in  
danger) that I could not be contented  
till I had locked every door in the  
house, and then I seated myself in the  
great sitting room, took Lolita on my  
lap and tried to tell her a story.  
Suddenly I heard a scratching along  
the roof, and then a dull thud, as if  
something heavy had fallen.  
Anxious and nervous as I was, I  
started up with a cry, although I had  
no presentiment what it was.  
The next moment I heard just over  
me a sound which I could not mistake  
—a long, passionate roar—a cry that I  
had often heard from the woods at  
night and never without feeling as if  
my heart stood still. The thought rushed  
through my mind, "Oh, heaven, the  
jaguar!"

"I shall never forget that moment!  
For a second I was quite rigid and  
helpless, as if life had departed, and  
then a thought flashed upon me. The  
jaguar was not to be kept off if he  
penetrated here from the roof, for most  
of the inner doorways had only draper-  
ies. In my dining room was a great  
wooden meal chest, nearly empty and  
large enough to hold six or seven per-  
sons at once. If Lolita and I could get  
there, thought I, we are saved.  
I seized the child, ran with her into  
the dining room and crept into the  
chest. Unfortunately it had a spring  
lock, so that I was forced to hold the  
lid open with my left hand to guard  
against its locking and immediately  
stifling us. But it had more than an  
inch of outer rim, which completely  
hid my fingers.  
It was not a moment too soon. We  
were scarcely hidden when I heard the  
great claws scratching along the floor,  
and the hungry sniffling of the jaguar  
showed me that he was in search of  
food.  
He came straight to the chest and  
paused a moment, as if he feared a  
trap. Then he put his head close to  
the small opening, so that I could feel  
his hot breath. He sniffed awhile and  
then tried to raise the lid with his  
paw.  
How I trembled! But, thank heaven,  
the great paw would not go in the nar-  
row crevice, and I held the cover fast  
by clinging to the inner part of the  
lock with all the strength of despera-  
tion. All he could do was to stretch  
out his tongue and lick my fingers un-  
till they bled as if they had been  
scratched by a saw. And then, as he  
tasted blood and heard Lolita cry—for  
my poor darling was just as frightened  
as I was—his eagerness increased, and  
he began to utter piercing yells, which  
sent icy chills over me.  
I wonder why the fright did not kill  
me, but the touch of Lolita's little arm  
around my neck seemed to keep up my  
courage.  
Still the worst was yet to come.  
When the jaguar found that he could  
not reach me from below, he sprang  
upon the chest. His huge weight  
crushed my fingers between the two  
parts of the lock. Then I thought all  
was over and shrieked so that my cries  
rang through the whole house.  
But my cries were presently answer-  
ed by a sound which made my heart  
throb with joy—answered by the bark-  
ing of our bloodhound. The jaguar  
heard it, too, for he sprang down and  
stood for a moment listening, then ran  
to the door as if to flee.  
Again came the sound of the dog's  
bark—this time nearer—and at the  
same time the voices of men calling to

each other. Contrary to expectation,  
they were already coming back.  
Meanwhile the jaguar seemed to be  
bewildered and ran wildly to and fro.  
Suddenly a loud cry came from one of  
the windows, followed by two shots  
and a fearful howl; then my husband's  
voice anxiously called:  
"Cachita, where are you?"  
I had just strength enough left to  
get out of the chest, drag myself to  
the door and let my husband in. Then  
I swooned away.  
They told me afterward that our  
bloodhound found the jaguar's trail,  
leading straight back to the house, and  
they all hurried home at full speed,  
fearing harm would come to me.  
My husband and Jose came in front  
of the rest and shot the jaguar through  
the window, but my husband told me  
that when he saw the animal in the  
house he felt as if stifled.  
I could not move a joint of that hand  
for many weeks afterward. The Indi-  
ans gave me medicine to heal it, and  
they say that after awhile I shall be  
able to use it again. I did not need  
this injury to make me remember that  
day. If I were to live a thousand years,  
I could not forget the few terrible mo-  
ments that I spent in the chest—mo-  
ments that seemed to comprise an eter-  
nity of terror.  
**Another Way.**  
Bizzer—I am going to enter a monas-  
tery, to live a life of meekness and  
privation.  
Buzzer—Nonsense! Why don't you  
become a poet?—Ohio State Journal.



**Sterilized Books.**  
To guard against insidious bacilli-  
physicians are recommending sterilizing  
books in the public libraries, not in the  
hope of killing evil producing literature,  
but to destroy noxious germs concealed  
in their leaves and bindings. That dis-  
ease has frequently been transmitted  
by the circulation of books has long  
been suspected, and the belief has re-  
cently been verified.  
The most careful work in this direc-  
tion has been done by the Chicago Pub-  
lic library, and Dr. Kufewski reports  
that he found a large number of bacilli,  
representing nearly a hundred different  
poisons and disease germs. Fifty  
books, selected at random, were exam-  
ined, and all of them were found more  
or less infected. Dry sterilization is  
recommended.  
**The Healthiest Land in Europe.**  
An article in the Statistische Wochen-  
schrift upon the comparative increase  
of longevity in the various nations of  
Europe imagines that Sweden will be-  
fore long become recognized as the  
healthiest of European lands. In the  
early part of the last century its sani-  
tary reputation was bad, but between  
1830 and 1840 its mortality was reduced  
to 26.8 in 1,000. Each successive  
decade has shown a remarkable im-  
provement in the longevity of its in-  
habitants. In 1870 the deaths were  
20.2 in 1,000; in 1900, 16.5. With such  
favorable conditions of health it is no  
wonder that the tourist in Sweden  
should say that he "met an old Swede  
at every turn."  
**Costly Eggs.**  
A curious case came up the other  
day before the court in Caroline coun-  
ty, Md., when an ancient resident was  
charged with the larceny of nine eggs.  
Extra jurors had to be summoned, and  
it cost the county \$250 to try the case.  
The accused was seventy-three years  
old. His counsel said he had known  
the defendant for forty years, and it  
was incredible that he would steal  
eggs. He argued that anyhow the  
state had not shown that the eggs  
were sound, and nine rotten eggs  
would have no value at all. The jury  
stayed out fifteen minutes and return-  
ed a verdict of not guilty.  
**Birdlike.**  
"How do you feel?" asked the leader  
of the mob after the tar and feathers  
had been applied in liberal doses.  
"Oh, I feel like a bird," smiled the  
barn sterner, glancing at the feathers.  
For such wit they allowed him to  
write home and tell the old folks he  
was leaving town by the all rail route.  
—Chicago News.